

American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
September 1928 **NEW** *"I Serve"*



A Latvian Shepherdess



Forty minutes' walk from Tirana is the Farm where most of the A. V. S. boys (see page 13) spend a good part of their time. Miss Upjohn visited the School last spring and has sent us several drawings of the boys which we plan to show you in other issues of the NEWS.

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The September News in the School

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, like a child in a new suit on the first day of school, has a pleasantly readable new type. The size is said to be the best for the eyesight of elementary grade pupils.

Materials to Which You Are Entitled

EVERY room enrolled in the Junior Red Cross is entitled to receive the following materials:

The new "Calendar of Service Through Activities."
A *Teacher's Guide* to the use of the new Calendar.
The new Poster, "Doing for Others through School Work."

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS and *Teacher's Guide*, or HIGH SCHOOL SERVICE.

Every room that completes an enrollment of ten years, during this school year, is entitled to a Decennial Certificate.

If you fail to receive any of these materials, apply at once to the National or Branch Offices (through your local Red Cross Chapter if there is one) and the missing items will be supplied.

Classroom Index to the NEWS

THE September issue of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS will be found helpful in the following subjects—and doubtless others:

Geography:

Albania—"The Skanderbeg Jacket," another of the delightful stories from Miss Upjohn's collection, *Friends in Strange Garments*; "Life at A. V. S.," interesting to read now at the opening of school, and again in November when the Calendar picture of the Albanian School is before the pupils, and when Education Week is receiving attention.

Besides the additional story about Albania in Miss Upjohn's book, your pupils will be interested in Elizabeth Cleveland Miller's *Children of the Mountain Eagle*, some chapters from which have appeared in the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS. Another vivid account of experiences in Albania is the *Peaks of Shala* by Rose Wilder Lane.

Latvia—The cover; "Letters from Latvia;" "Christmas Boxes;" "Junior Doings."

Alaska, Haiti, Siam, Switzerland, United States—"Junior Doings."

Civics:

"How About a Junior Council?" "Life at A. V. S." "Christmas Boxes;" "Junior Doings;" editorials; the back cover.

Reading and Composition:

"Eleanor and Papagui;" editorials; "Punch with the Cannibals" (fun for our Young Members.)

Christmas Boxes

A COMPREHENSIVE list of gifts appropriate for Christmas boxes will be found on the May page of the new Calendar. This longer list of gifts was drawn up jointly by the office of the League of Red Cross Societies, after correspondence with the countries which received the gifts, and the office of the American Junior Red Cross. A wide range of choice is allowed in kind and cost. Of course, all presents must be small, for only things packed in official cartons can be sent, and the cartons while packed solidly must not bulge.

The following paragraphs from letters from the League of Red Cross Societies may be helpful:

"Foreign children enjoy the *unbroken* packages of miniature soap and toothpaste often more than the same articles in full size. These things should manifest a personal element of care and cleanliness. Little doll toilet equipments can be got up—the wash bowl, wash cloth, soap, talcum powder, toothpaste, complete with face towel. When wash cloths are sent in ordinary size, girls can make waterproof bags or holders of bright colors.

"School supplies should be prepared by the boys and girls in the way they themselves would like to have them, with the understanding that the children who receive them will appreciate the apparent care with which they are selected. Every box that is packed with this element of personal attention shows it the moment it is touched. It has a different sound even. The school supplies European children get are often of inferior quality and a nice outfit of pencil, penholder, eraser (Ruby pencil eraser and a round ink eraser), pen points, *centimeter* ruler, red and blue pencils—all arranged in a practical box made by the boys—is always a welcome gift.

"Anything in the way of patent locks on boxes will interest boy recipients. Electric searchlight lamps, batteries, etc., can also be relied on to please boys if they are packed with great care so as not to be broken.

"The American Red Cross has often called attention to the fact that nothing in the way of worn garments should be sent, that is, no worn socks, ties, hair ribbons. These still creep into the Christmas stockings occasionally, and cause the child receiving them great disappointment and the Red Cross embarrassment. Plain paper dolls cut from catalogs and fashion sheets, unless very well mounted and presented with some imagination, should be discouraged. The sending of any eatables should be avoided."

For the first time boxes will be sent to Turkey and Japan, prepared appropriately for those countries. In all, twenty-one foreign countries and six of the insular territories will receive Christmas boxes this year.

The Upjohn Book in Braille

A NUMBER of schools have already expressed their interest in giving a brailled copy of *Friends in* (Continued on page 2)

Developing Calendar Activities for September

THE Guide sent with the new Calendar suggests ways of introducing it to your class. Perhaps the most important suggestion is that it shall be hung low on the wall so that the children themselves may profit by it. Experience of a majority of schools indicates that happiest results are achieved where the pupils themselves study the text and, under the teacher's guidance, select activities that fit into the class program. Frequently a committee of pupils read and report to the class. In many instances a teacher-adviser takes leadership in selecting activities. The best way depends on local circumstances.

Results from Directed Work in a Large School

A NUMBER of schools have sent in reports about their organization for Junior Red Cross work. These accounts of actual experience are full of helpful ideas for others. One of the most complete came in response to a request from Mrs. Ellyn W. Bassette of the Southwest School, Hartford, Connecticut:

"Superintendent Louis W. Batchelder, appointed a teacher to read the Junior Red Cross pamphlets and report at the next teacher's meeting. The organization, its aims and accomplishments, were discussed freely and the faculty voted unanimously in favor of 100% enrollment. The following week was designated as Red Cross Enrollment Week.

"Each teacher presented the plan to her own classroom. She encouraged every child to bring money, one penny rather than a greater amount, in order that everyone might feel that he was taking an active part. In many rooms large red crosses were drawn on the blackboards and as the children brought their pennies their names were written underneath. However the girls and boys were made to understand clearly that contributions were purely voluntary. By Friday returns were 100%.

"An interesting Red Cross assembly was held the next Thursday. A large flag was made and hung in the hall. The assembly opened with the Lord's Prayer and the Flag Salute. Then a talk on the work of the Red Cross, accompanied by slides borrowed from National Headquarters was given by one of the teachers. Next followed six splendid tableaux of six Junior Red Cross posters. The hour was closed by repeating from memory the Junior Red Cross Pledge. It was a very impressive assembly and a fitting climax to the Enrollment Week.

"The question of directed activities arose. The Superintendent appointed a faculty member as general chairman, to search the Calendar for projects that would be of interest to both teacher and pupils as well as practicable. At a Teacher's Meeting the year's program was submitted for approval or the opposite. The decision was to carry out the program submitted with no change. This plan of supervised projects was adopted because during the previous year the unsupervised work had not been truly representative of the school's high standard, and it had been found that a minority were taking part in the activities. Our objective was 100% activity on the part of the pupils.

"Copies of the *Junior Red Cross News* are sent each month to the classrooms where they are placed on the reading tables. Pupils who complete their assignments early have the privilege of reading the magazine. Before school in the morning and the afternoon there is a fifteen minute period when all children have access to it. In one class the teacher correlates it with reading. Pupils are assigned to prepare articles from the *News* to read to the other members of the class. In this way, the entire class enjoys the magazine from cover to cover. Another teacher saves the geographical pictures and mounts them to use as a visual means of teaching geography.

"Among other activities, the Southwest School boasts of a most interesting Indian Partnership. The children of our school contributed books they had outgrown. In all there were almost 700. They were carefully looked over and listed, and all undesirable ones were discarded. Then they were shipped to their Indian Partners. The Indian children who received the

books sent a beautiful exhibit to the Southwest School. It consisted of a handsome Navajo rug, three exquisite pieces of pottery, two Indian dolls, two splendidly woven plaques, an album of photographs of the Navajo tribe, two portfolios of drawings and letters. Arrangements were made for each classroom to study this exhibit. Each teacher was allowed an hour and a half and several teachers reported that pupils learned more geography in that period than they did in hours of study from their text. All told of the keen enthusiasm of their classes. As a result of the completed project, a deeper and more lasting bond of affection was formed for the Indians.

"The school contributed \$127.00 for the Mississippi Flood sufferers and \$50.00 for the New England Flood sufferers. The children earned this money. Thirteen dollars and eighty-three cents was donated by six little girls who gave a show in a tent on a vacant lot. Their program consisted of dancing, singing, elocution selections, performances by magicians and fortune telling. They sold fudge, pop corn, cake and cookies. Four other little girls sent \$3.20. Their proceeds were not so great because it rained the day of their entertainment. A group of little girls donated \$2.00 from their treasury."

Young Members in Madison, Wisconsin

A SET of suggested reports was received from Madison, Wisconsin. One from Grade 2A, the Randall School, sent by Janet Millar, contains workable ideas for young members:

"Instead of listing the names of all the children in haphazard fashion on the Membership Roll, the services were rated as worth one, two, or three points. The children earned their money and dropped it into the class box. Each child gave an oral report each day, telling what he had done to earn his money. The amount of money was not mentioned. The class decided whether the work done was worth one, two or three points. At the end of the campaign the names were listed in the order of the number of points earned. Of course, we counted our money but we never asked an individual how much he brought but rather what work he had done.

"The Second Grade was just learning to read from a calendar and to know the days of the week and the names of the months. We used our Red Cross Calendar for this purpose and used the foreign children material in it as a study in English each month. During that month we watched for library books about that country and for other items of interest. We kept track each month of our own class health by crossing the days as they passed with red if all were present and with black if someone was absent. We considered good health part of good citizenship.

"When a magazine arrived we looked at the cover and discussed it informally, also looking through at the most interesting pictures. The magazine was then placed on our library table where any child might get it at any time when he was free. If the children were interested in some particular picture, this story was read to the class. The stories were too hard for the B class to read for themselves but the A class was encouraged to go on and read more. If a child gave an interesting report of outside reading, he earned a star for his weekly rating.

"At Christmas time, we made a box of food, toys and clothes for a family. We made books and puzzles for the children in the Bradley Memorial Hospital."

(Continued from page 1)

Strange Garments to some school for the blind. (See November Calendar page.) Should you wish to do this, please write National Headquarters or your Branch Office for an assignment of a school. The stories are being transcribed into braille by the Red Cross and will be supplied Junior groups who make the gift at cost (\$3.00).

Please do not send the money yet, however. As soon as the book is ready, every school that has asked to have a part in the project will be instructed where to send their orders and checks.

The Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools

THE special Junior Red Cross worker in Indian schools, Miss Ivy Hendricks, formerly a teacher in the Indian Service, sends reports of the splendid work she sees. From among many, a report of the Black-water Day School is given here. Teachers in many small schools will find it rich in suggestions.

THIS little school is located some miles off the highway. It is only a one-room school, but the work that has been done is remarkable. The children are all small, sixteen (half of the entire enrollment) in the beginners' class. Two were only four years old. The children of the upper grades (second and third) were also small. All the pupils spoke perfect English, using complete and well constructed sentences.

"On a blackboard, too old and worn to use for classroom work, were two large Junior Red Cross posters from several years back and directly between these a large home-printed poster headed: 'A Good Citizen Always—' Below this heading there were the following phrases in large print:

"Tells the truth; Is kind; Keeps clean; Plays fair; Speaks English; Loves his country; Is polite to his flag; Does his best; Is honest; Eats the right kind of food."

"This poster is a growing thing. As the occasion presents itself, different items are added to it, telling what a good citizen always does. The school yard was in most perfect condition and I was told that it was largely the result of the voluntary service of the children.

"The teacher, Miss Morris, asked one of the little girls to tell what Red Cross work she had done this morning. The child arose and said, 'This morning I helped the little girls wash and I combed their hair.' Several of the children told of services rendered by them.

"Kindness to animals is one of the projects emphasized in this school, with a dog and a cat around the school to practice kindness on. A pan of water is kept up in a tree nearby where the birds come for water. Several of the boys said they would build bird houses.

"Miss Morris was most enthusiastic in her praise of the books sent from the school in Larchmont, New York, for her children. These books are ever a source of pleasure to the children. They are fitted to their vocabulary and grades, and are constantly used. She said it would be impossible for the children in New York to know how much pleasure was gained from them. A circus poster from the school in Iowa was on the wall under the blackboard, a place where even the smallest child could study it and enjoy it. Miss Morris said it, too, was a constant source of pleasure. The books and portfolios sent from the Juniors of Madison, Maine, were also gratefully received and used. They had been especially useful in helping the children to gain larger vocabularies. Two portfolios had just been received from Passaic, New Jersey, and as yet had not been shown to the children. One was on the subject of pottery. Miss Morris thought that later on

she would have a portfolio prepared in answer to this one, telling of the process of making Pima baskets.

"The school from Onawa, Iowa, sent the Black-water School some scraps for quilts, at some time in the past, and at present a quilt is being made from them. It will not be finished until next school year, probably, but it is hoped that this quilt can be sold to help in obtaining a phonograph. It is Miss Morris' plan after the quilt is finished, to get cotton raised by the boys themselves, to pad the quilt with, so that it may be said truly to be an Indian-made quilt.

"The children of this school brought the money, penny by penny, to pay for their subscription to the *Junior News*.

"The children sang several songs. Their sweet, soft voices blended well. One of the songs was sung by the Beginners' Class alone, a quite remarkable feat for beginners! This was followed by the same song as a solo, by a little Pima boy only four years old. He sang right out, standing in front of the school and looking from one to the other of us, smiling all the while. When you consider that visitors are most extraordinary events at this little school off the beaten path, the wonder is that this little boy was able to utter a sound, let alone have him carry the tune, pronounce the words intelligibly, and sing without a tremor in his small, sweet voice."

ENJOYMENT of these Indian School Partnerships is double-edged. Miss Ruth A. Stewart, Principal of the Chatsworth Avenue School, Larchmont, New York, described the appreciation of her pupils:

"MUCH that is worthwhile has been learned about the Indian children. Not only the children but the parents and members of the faculty have thoroughly enjoyed these Indian contacts. We have received many beautiful specimens of handwork from our Indian friends. Among the articles we have are bows and arrows, embroidered cloths, beadwork, a straw house, a tepee, dolls and specimens of dried flowers, school work and basketry.

"We have used these articles in the classrooms and exhibited them in the main halls. We have loaned them to many other schools in Westchester County and they have been exhibited at Parent-Teacher Association meetings in our own school, Mount Vernon, and New York City. When we have a new building we hope to use a corner of our library for the beautiful gifts we receive from our friends in the Western schools.

"The several hundred letters received from Indian children and their teachers have been a great joy. After the children read the letters they are eager to learn more about the geography and history of the places mentioned. We have enjoyed the 'pen pictures' of the school and community life of our friends in Montana, Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma. The many charming letters of appreciation for our little gifts have made us feel more eager to continue our correspondence. We have sent seven albums to the Indian schools this year."

Fitness for Service for September

"Make a Plan"

THE Fitness for Service section of the new Calendar follows the plan of the other two sections, by listing the points to receive emphasis each month. The purpose is to emphasize self-direction on the part of pupils, in free choice and in planning to a purpose. With your health text or your course of study in mind, you may wish to talk over the points listed on the September page with the pupils, helping them to draw up a plan of action for the term. This will be altered from month to month as necessity arises, but the planning will give point to all the later study and other activities.

Practices of a Junior Red Cross in Japan

IN CORRESPONDENCE going to a school in Iowa, activities of the Hyozu School, Japan, were outlined in part as given below. It may be fun for your pupils to see how many of these have to do with fitness for service, as well as to notice the ones that seem unusual to us.

Members of the Hyozu Junior Red Cross are Practicing the Following Things:

DAILY:

Before Attending School

1. Get up early.
2. Clean teeth carefully.
3. Take cold water massage.
4. Take setting-up exercises.
5. Worship God and Buddha.
6. Say "good morning" to all the family.
7. Clean room and garden.
8. Prepare a boiled barley lunch.
9. Put all necessary school books, notebooks, and pencils in school bag.
10. Attend school regularly.
11. Be at school at least 10 minutes before school opens.
12. Say "good morning" to each other.
13. Keep to the left when walking in the street.
14. On our way to school, assist children of lower grades.
15. When passing the shrine or temple, salute.
16. Also salute elder people whom we know.
17. Salute the monument.

In the School

1. Make the most respectful salute to the Imperial portrait.
2. Each student is responsible for his conduct.
3. Take good exercise in the school.
4. Study hard.
5. Wash hands before lunch.
6. Always keep the school clean.
7. Cooperate with each other when working together.

On Way from School to Home

1. Finish home work first.
2. Help parents work.
3. Respect and sympathize with old people.
4. Avoid dangerous play.
5. Keep body and clothes neat and clean.
6. Go to bed early.
7. Clean the teeth before going to sleep.
8. Say "good night" to everybody in the family.

WEEKLY:

1. Monday—Test clocks and watches whether they are keeping correct time or not.
2. Tuesday—Cut and clean the nails.
3. Thursday—Clean the grounds of the shrine and temple.
4. Saturday—Clean the room and put everything in proper order.

MONTHLY:

1. First Day—Put certain money in savings account.

2. Fifth Day—Clean the monument.
3. Tenth Day—Athletic contest.
4. Fifteenth Day—Put money in savings account.
5. Twentieth Day—Visit Hyozu Shrine.
6. Twenty-fifth Day—Write something for class paper.
7. Thirtieth Day—Copy the Imperial Rescript on Education.

Helpful Materials

ONCE more the Cleanliness Institute (45 E. 17th Street, New York City) is ready with helpful supplementary materials for grades 7, 8, and 9. An informative *Tale of Soap and Water* tells about the historical progress of cleanliness. It is written and illustrated by Grace Hallock and is printed very artistically. Beginning with "Out of Eden a river went," the narrative follows the growth of ideas about cleanliness and public sanitation through Egypt, Crete, Palestine, Greece, Rome, Scandinavia, America of the earlier Indians, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, America of the Puritans, and our contemporary world. Systems of supplying safe water for great cities are graphically described. A bibliography of the references of which this little book is the "son-book" makes the value complete. The leaflet accompanying the book explains that a number of complimentary copies are available for grades 7, 8, and 9, if teachers will state in writing for it the number of students with whom the book is to be used.

Equally fascinating to your youngest members will be *The Animal Way*, prepared by Jean Broadhurst for the Cleanliness Institute. The book is made up of cut-outs in color to be pasted in appropriate places and a very agreeable text discussing the problem of our animal friends in teaching their babies to keep clean. The mother of baby Peke-the-Puppy exclaims:

"Sometimes it's your paws
Sometimes it's your ears
Sometimes it's your face
That's covered with smears."

And the equally attentive father admonishes:

"Sometimes it's snarls
Or knots in your hair
But whatever it is
You don't seem to care."

There is a dog who washes the back of his neck and no doubt there is something or other that washes behind the ears, though the present reviewer has not read deeply enough to discover that infant phenomenon. There is also a bulletin of value to teachers, prepared under the direction of Dr. Thomas D. Wood of Columbia University, called "Good Housekeeping for Your School Building." It opens out so that it can be posted conveniently on a bulletin board or can be turned over to the school janitor or to pupil committees.

Another pamphlet of interest to teachers is the one *Education for Longer Life*, issued by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York. It is a practical inspiration in the record of decrease in illness and death that has resulted from health education. A list of the principal health publications of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, at the end of the pamphlet, is useful for teachers desiring helpful material.

The Skanderbeg Jacket

ANNA MILO UPJOHN

Illustrations by the Author

FIVE hundred years ago a boy named George Kastrioti leaned over the wall of his father's castle and peered into the depths of the gorge below. He could see a little white goat far down just above the line of mist which hid the bottom of the chasm. She was cropping the fresh leaves of a bush which had taken root in a cracked rock. George watched her, fascinated. Would she try to come higher? Yes, she did. At least she raised her head. But when she saw the wall of sheer stone which rose above her, she flicked her tail and bounded downward instead. There she was soon lost to sight. George laughed, and shouted back to his brothers playing in the courtyard that not even a goat could scale the castle wall.

There was a troop of children in the castle. How safe they felt up there under the sky! Their father was a Prince of the Albanian mountain tribes who call themselves "Men of the Eagles." His fortress stood on the Rock of Kruja, with the mountains dropping steeply from it. Only on one side a rugged path led up to the gateway. Over this went and came a stream of wiry mountain ponies and their riders, bringing provisions and arms and messages to the people in the castle.

Most of the men wore short jackets of rough white wool with tight sleeves to the elbow, large white pompoms in front of their shoulders, and square collars with fringe which hung to their waists behind. If it rained heavily, as it often did on the Rock, they drew the heavy collars over their heads, crossing the fringe and holding it firmly between their teeth. This left both hands free for weapons. And weapons were needed in those days. Prince Kastrioti was away fighting most of the time, and with him the Men of the Eagles, trying to press back the Turks who more and more were mastering the country.

At one corner of the castle a great tower of white stone stood out against the background of gray rock. This was the watch tower. From it one could see clear across Albania, from the sharp mountains, over the hot plain and the steaming marshes to the sea, which seemed to lie forever



The tower at Kruja. From these windows Skanderbeg could watch every approach to the castle

in sunshine, no matter how dark it might be on the Rock.

Every road and trail was visible from the tower, for the mountains were of bare rock, except where olive groves had been planted just below the castle. For miles around no enemy could approach unseen. So the people in the castle felt safe, though they knew there were enemies in the land.

George and his brothers and sisters played in the great courtyard and dropped stones over the wall, listening to hear them thud in the depths. Often they climbed the tower and looked down on the village people gathering around the great "Kruja," or Fountain, with their water pots, stopping to talk about the army of Turks who were conquering the lowlands.

So things went on for years. But one day when George was nine years old, a dreadful thing happened. The strong castle was taken at last, and the Prince and his family were made prison-

ers. The Turkish Sultan let Kastrioti go on living in his castle at Kruja, but he took the Prince's four sons home with him, on the understanding that so long as Kastrioti did not rebel against the Sultan, the boys were safe, but if there was an uprising in Albania they would be put to death.

The Sultan and his young captives traveled across Macedonia, which is now a part of Yugoslavia, to Adrianople, then the Turkish capital. You will find it on the map south of Bulgaria.

George was a kind, brave boy, quick to learn. He won the heart of the Sultan, who was good to him and brought him up with his own children. The palace at Adrianople was very different from the castle at Kruja. To begin with, it was on the hot plain instead of the cool mountain. And it was filled with a soft luxury which did not exist in the home on the Rock. It was beautiful with marbles and mosaics, with gardens and fountains. There were rugs and hangings, and silks and perfumes such as George had never known. He never forgot his parents on the dear Rock, but since he was only nine years old he soon lost his homesickness and began to make friends about him. The Sultan gave him a new name, Skanderbeg—"Skander," which means Alexander, because the mother of Alexander the Great had been an Albanian, and "beg" or prince, because he was of high rank.

So Skanderbeg began his new life joyously.

He learned to ride and hunt and fight. When he was eighteen years old the Sultan put him in command of an army and sent him into Asia Minor, which you will see is not far away.

Perhaps Skanderbeg would always have remained the Sultan's friend if his brothers had been treated kindly. But when his father, John Kastrioti, died, the Sultan had all three of them poisoned and annexed Albania to his empire. After that Skanderbeg went about with an angry heart under his armor. And when the Sultan had a new war on his hands and sent the young captain to fight the Hungarians, he looked for a chance to escape.

Skanderbeg marched north as far as Nish, now a city of Yugoslavia; but he had no quarrel with the Hungarians. His heart was not in the matter. All he wanted was to be free, free to go back to his own people, whom he now knew to be unhappy and oppressed. He wanted to escape from the soft life of Adrianople and to be back in Albania among the rocks and the Men of the Eagles in their white jackets, helping them to regain their freedom. In his army there were many Albanians who, like him, had been taken to Turkey as prisoners and made to fight for the Sultan. These men joined Skanderbeg, and together they escaped across Serbia and through the dangerous mountain passes into Albania.

The people came down from the mountains and flocked to Skanderbeg. The Turks were driven out of the country, and for twenty-five years, as long as Skanderbeg lived, Albania was free.

So George Kastrioti came back to Kruja to be the helper and the hero of his people. When he died the grief of the North Albanian tribesmen was so great that they dyed their white jackets black, and so they are worn to this day.

You will see the Skanderbeg jacket anywhere in Northern Albania: on the shepherds of the hills; on the men of many tribes who come riding to market on their wiry ponies, their deep collars drawn over their heads to protect them from rain or sun; and on the metal workers and farmers of Kruja who linger about the great fountain which still gushes out from the rock below the ruined castle.



To this day men and boys of Albania wear the short woolen jacket with its pompoms and deeply fringed collar dyed black in memory of Skanderbeg

Punch With the Cannibals

FRANZ POCCHI

Reprinted from the Austrian Junior Red Cross Magazine



LET me tell you the story of what happened to Punch. This was the time when he made a sea trip. Well, Punch was sailing away

on a boat across the big ocean, fully expecting to reach the other shore in about a fortnight. There he would find money lying like the sand of the sea, and he would carry it back to Europe.

But hardly was he well out upon the water, when there came a great whale, rushing upon him, spitting streams of water. Opening its mouth, it suddenly swallowed him. Down to its stomach Punch glided. He did not like it down there. He jumped around inside that vast belly, to the great displeasure of the fish. So, an hour later, the whale spit him back again. He landed on an island. Oh, dear me, how bad Punch was feeling now, flat on his belly near a bush. His



clothes were torn and his stomach was empty.

Then who should come by but a crowd of cannibals. They smelled human flesh, and crept nearer and nearer. Soon they had little Punch in their grasp. Then in spite of his wails they dragged him off and next he knew he was in their cave.

There he saw burning a big fire, which looked very suspicious. They put him in a dark corner, where he sadly meditated: "Oh, oh, I am sitting here in the dark hole with the cannibals. Oh, oh, I, poor devil, am probably going to lose my head. Ach, ach, my poor, poor bones will roast on the roasting spit. Hui, hui, they will tear me to pieces and then devour me. Oh, oh, oh, never could that have happened to me if I had been more careful."

In spite of his sorrow Punch went to sleep. When he awoke he saw the wild men sitting

around the big fire sharpening a long roasting spit. He felt quite a little uneasy. They put him into a big tub, filled with whale fat, and rubbed him with salt as we do with a herring. The wild men enjoyed this play, but Punch did not find it funny at all. Then they put him in the hot sun, so that the fat and the salt might soak in well.

The cannibals squatted down and soon began to snore terribly. Little Punch trembled from head to foot, and tried to give thanks that he was still alive.

Then a strange thing happened. High in the clouds flew an eagle. He smelled the fat, swooped down, and seeing little Punch, seized him in his claws, and flew away across the sea. Now, that was better far for Punch than if the cannibals had roasted him. For the eagle carried him to Europe. Leaving his prize on the top of a high mountain, the eagle went to tell his young what good food he had brought them.

So now poor little Punch was in danger of being eaten by the eagles. But he thought of a way out. He rolled and rolled down the mountainside and while the eagle was looking for him, was lying in a deep ravine, his whole body covered with blue spots, and his stomach quite empty. He refreshed himself by eating some berries in the wood, then started on his way. Soon he met a rider, who took him on his horse. They rode quickly across woods and mountain until Punch arrived at his home. How gladly he was welcomed by Mrs. Gretel! And how the children, who had seen him coming, ran to meet him! The whole house was happy and merry.





A Latvian student drew this Latvian landscape. Most of Latvia's trees are needle-leaved trees. There are also many birches

Letters from Latvia

*Bless Latvia, oh God,
Our verdant native sod,
Where Baltic heroes trod,
Keep her from harm!*

*Our blooming daughters near,
Our singing sons appear,
May Fortune smiling here
Grace Latvia!*

—LATVIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

LIKE the other young Baltic republics, Latvia is ten years old this year. Her independence day comes on November 18, when she declared herself free from Russia. In the World War, Latvia sided against Germany and was invaded by German troops in 1915. From that time until the end of 1920 there was always fighting on Latvian soil, sometimes with the Germans and later with the Russian Bolsheviks. Latvia suffered horribly not only from war but from hunger and pestilence as well. Yet the Latvians kept up their courage and went on building their country.

A good many of the schools of Latvia have been corresponding with schools in the United States. Several of the Latvian letters describe what Latvia is like. This one is from the sanatorium in the pine woods by the sea at Asari, to which the American Junior Red Cross gave money for a playground for the children getting well of tuberculosis:

"Latvia is mostly a plain. There are no high

mountains. The population consists of Latvians, Germans, Russians and Jews. The Latvians are of Lutheran and Orthodox faith. The people are farmers and cattle breeders.

"Our largest lakes have small islands covered by forests where no man's feet have trodden. These islands are protected by our government and only by special permission is one allowed to go there. There are plants there which no other part of Latvia produces.

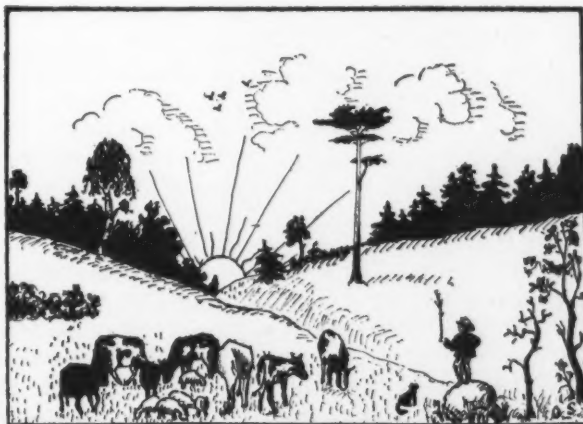
"We have no wild beasts in our forests, except on the Russian border. In Latgale there are wolves. Others are the hare, the fox, and the gazelle.

"Our best songster is the nightingale, a little bird three inches long. On summer nights it is very agreeable to hear it singing. Our other songster is the lark, which flies high up in the air, singing as he goes. Our thrush sings nicely, too. These birds spend the summer with us, but for the winter they fly away to warmer countries.

"In our country the biggest tree is the oak, which reaches about 80 feet in height and 14 feet in thickness. We have oak woods in which our ancestors sacrificed to their gods. About seven hundred years ago Latvians believed in Thunder and other forces of Nature. Then the German Knights brought in the Christian religion and destroyed many of those holy woods."

"Tonight I am alone taking care of the horses. A summer night is short and so it is not until eleven o'clock that I go out to the pasture, and at four the day begins to dawn. The horses are grazing quietly. The silver sickle of the moon can scarcely be seen through the cloud of mist, and the wood murmurs softly. Through this white veil it looks like a dark mysterious island. The separate trees stand like heroes leaning on their swords. My heart is lonely and sad. I sit down on a gray boulder at the edge of the field and doze. When I awaken there are already bright streaks in the east. I look at the horses nibbling the grass and then I go to the edge of the wood. It is as silent as death there. Only the brook babbles and the leaves rustle, softly touched by the wind. I watch the coming of the dawn, as slowly the rays of light blend and grow brighter and brighter. Here and there in the wood the birds begin to trill their melodies. The sky reddens and the fiery sun rises; its beams deluge the earth. Dewdrops flash on every grass blade. The murmur of the brook grows gayer and birds sing more joyously than before. I feel the call of the day to new work and new joy."

"Looking out of the window of our house, one can see the whole vast Licu bog. As far as the eye can reach, everywhere waves the thick grass. Formerly only heather



In Latvia it is the custom to take the stock to pasture at night and back again to the village at sunrise



The Latvian national anthem. The words in English translation are on the opposite page

bloomed and huckleberry reddened in the Licu bog. Then the whole bog was cut all over with ditches, and now it yields wonderfully rich harvests. In the very middle is a small lake which looks like a river bend, for a broad, recently dug ditch unites it with the river. Not far from the lake, on a hill, stand two birches. In April the people get sap from these birches by boring, drinking part of it on the spot, but keeping most of it for summer and fermenting it in a barrel. In very hot weather this is a refreshing drink with an excellent taste. At Easter a see-saw is set up under these birches. On the other side of the bog stands a tottering hay shed, its thatched roof covered with moss. Formerly this shed was never quite filled with hay, while now a part has to be stacked outside.

Eleanor and Papagui

The Two Parrots Owned by Twenty-One Nations

FRANCES MARGARET FOX

IN WASHINGTON is the beautiful white marble building known as the home of the Pan American Union. Twenty-one American republics form this Union. In the council-room is a famous table surrounded by twenty-one chairs, one for each country in the Union. The representatives of the twenty-one countries who sit in the chairs when conferences are held, work together always for the good of the world that Columbus discovered.

Thanks to the work of the Pan American Union, the people who live in North and South America go visiting one another and have good times in other lands than their own oftener than in days gone by. They buy goods from their American neighbors and also sell their products in America more than ever before, and are trying to live in peace.

Above the main entrance to the beautiful home of the Americas are two marble birds, an eagle and a condor, one the symbol of North America, the other the symbol of South America.

Inside the building we find two living parrots. They came from Brazil and adorn the patio, or courtyard, in the center of the building. It may be that they have forgotten all about their trip to Washington and believe they are still at home in Brazil because it is more than ten years since they left their native land and came to live with us.

It would be hard to imagine a more beautiful spot than the patio where the parrots live. In the center is a splashing fountain with water falling into a big pool where fish swim and water-lilies grow. The floor around the pool is of dark red tile with black, inlaid figures, copied from works of art in ruined palaces of lands far south of our United States.

Around the sides of the patio and reaching to the gallery floor are all sorts of tropical plants. Here royal palms are growing, with rubber, coffee, breadfruit and banana trees, all with roots deep in the earth beneath the building.

Marble benches in the four corners invite visitors to linger. Broad marble stairs on opposite sides of the patio lead to the floor above. In the winter time sunshine enters through skylights,



The beautiful white marble building known as the home of the Pan American Union

but in summer the roof is lifted and the patio is open to the sky.

The parrots were ordered from Brazil on purpose to add their gorgeous color to the living green of the patio. Their names are "Eleanor" and "Papagui," which is pronounced as if it were spelled pap-pa-gī. They are macaws and were chosen because they are parrots of the American jungle.

One of the guides in the building, Captain Whitehill, who named Papagui, says that at one time a cockatoo, bought in a bird store, shared the patio with the parrots. One day a visitor from Australia, who had been told that everything in the building was native to the Americas, shook her head. Pointing at the cockatoo from her home land, she said,

"That ain't no American bird!"

Neither was he, so he was sent to our National Zoo as a representative from Australia.

The books may tell you that macaws do not talk. The Pan American parrots are scarlet macaws, with long hooked bills, extremely long tails, with blue and scarlet plumage, and Papagui talks! He says words in three languages, but they say it won't do to translate his Portuguese and Spanish words, because they are swear words learned in his infancy.

The dignified guide who has taken groups of visitors through the building for fourteen years, and who came from Brazil, says that macaws mate for life. If a macaw's mate dies the one left dies also, of grief. However, there are many macaws that never mate. It seems that Papagui is an old bachelor and that Eleanor is also an odd bird.

When Eleanor first arrived at the patio, a bird came with her, then supposed to be her mate. He was named "McAdoo." It was soon discovered, however, that McAdoo was merely an old friend of the family and he was not even polite to Eleanor.

At last the two birds began saying rude things to each other in their own language. Even though she did ruffle her feathers, Eleanor spoke her mind more or less gently. But McAdoo screeched and screamed at Eleanor. It made no difference to him how many distinguished visitors were in the Pan American building, he would almost yell his head off. He wouldn't stop his public scolding for the President of the United States. So although he was handsome in his fine plumage, he, also, was packed off to the National Zoo.

Papagui and Eleanor live in peace, she on her tall perch at the right of the splashing fountain, he on his tall perch on the opposite side.

Eleanor speaks no Portuguese, Spanish, or English. She sometimes makes a few remarks in her own parrot language, but most of the time she keeps her tongue quiet and looks serene and beautiful. Occasionally she flies across the patio to sit beside Papagui and listen to his words of wisdom. He says, "Hello there," "Polly wants a cracker," "Pretty Poll," and "Good bye!"

No one knows, to be sure, whether or not Papagui intends to tease Eleanor, but sometimes, in memory of the handsome bird with whom she used to quarrel, he looks at her and says, "Hello, Mac!"

Papagui can also whistle and laugh, but he cannot sing. Captain Whitehill says the only singing parrot he ever knew was a big Mexican parrot in Havana. She used to wake him early every morning singing in a cracked, old lady's voice a silly Spanish love-song, with three verses and a chorus.

Children can always make Papagui talk. When a group of them appears, he looks down into their laughing, happy faces and tells them all he knows about how pretty he is, and how fond he is of crackers. Eleanor, too, seems to beam upon the children from her lofty perch. But no one dares go too near the parrots. Only the man who feeds them can handle the birds. They are fed sunflower seeds and slices of apple.

Papagui and Eleanor are believed to be fourteen or fifteen years old. Their kind of macaw is known to live seventy-five years and sometimes longer. So it is possible that other boys and girls in years to come may say, when visiting the patio of the Pan American Building in Washington:

"Our grandfathers and our grandmothers saw these same birds when they were children in Washington!"

Long and peaceful lives to Papagui and Eleanor, and to their twenty-one Republics of the Americas!



Occasionally Eleanor flies across the patio to sit beside Papagui

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Kind words are the music of the world.

—F. W. FABER

"WE PLEDGE THEE—"

PUPILS of the Franklin School, San Francisco, made up this code which each one undertakes to follow as a personal obligation for membership in the Junior Red Cross:

FRANKLIN WE PLEDGE THEE:

Cleanliness in Mind and Body

I will think good thoughts, for we are what our thoughts make us.
I will bath, often and wear clean clothing.
I will help to make Franklin the cleanest school in the city.

Courtesy to All

I will remember that courtesy commands respect.
I will work for good order in the yard, in the halls and in the auditorium.

Faithfulness in Every Undertaking

I will finish what I start.
I will be reliable and trustworthy.

Helpfulness to Others

I will do at least one kind deed each day.

Respect for Property

I will take good care of my own property.
I will not willfully or carelessly harm the property of others.
I will do my best to protect all that belongs to my school and city.

Honesty in Everything

I will not cheat in studies or games.

I will not help anyone else to cheat.

I will think the truth; speak the truth; act the truth.

Loyalty

I will be loyal to my friends, to my school, to my home, to my country.

Obedience to All Authority

I will obey promptly and cheerfully at all times.

Self Control

I will try to keep my temper.

I will do unto others as I would be done by.

I will not speak in class until called upon.

THE BRANCH

Peter Rosegger

MY PARENTS were infinitely kind and considerate to us children. But they were very angry if they found us out in any untruth.

One Sunday I brought home a fine branch covered with black cherries. I had broken it off a tree at the back of the neighbour's garden. My mother at once asked me where I had gotten it. In the first shock of fright I answered: "From our tree."

The words were hardly out of my mouth when I remembered we had no black cherries—only red ones. I expected some angry words, but my mother was silent and went quietly into the pantry. I went after her and found her weeping bitterly. She wept as weeps a mother whose favourite son has been haled off to prison. I understood, and was dismayed. In my mouth was a lie, and in my hand another's property. I knelt before my mother and asked her forgiveness.

"Get up!" she said, "take the branch and the cherries to our neighbour, and tell him what you have done."

I went, and the neighbour smiled, and said:

"All this fuss for a handful of cherries! Keep them. Anyway, somebody always steals them from that tree at the back."

That did for me! The neighbour had the cherries there in the garden for thieves! It was enough to last me all my life.

—Czechoslovakian Red Cross Magazine.

LAST summer when a lady from the Latvian Junior Red Cross was in Washington we asked her if she would get an artist in her country to make us a cover for the NEWS that would show a typical Latvian scene. That is how we got the cover this month, which we like very much indeed.

TEACHER: George, did you talk in school today?

GEORGE: Yes, wunst.

TEACHER: Clarence, should George have said "wunst"?

CLARENCE: No, he should have said twicet.



Sometimes Juniors in the countries to which the Christmas boxes go send small gifts in return. Sometimes they show their appreciation of your friendly remembrances by sending drawings like this, which is one of a set of silhouettes sent by Lithuanian Juniors

Christmas Boxes Again

IT CERTAINLY is surprising how fast a year rolls around. Here it is, time already to begin planning for those Christmas boxes to be started out in October. For the eighth year in succession members of your Junior Red Cross will have this chance to send their Christmas greetings to children in other lands. And Junior Red Cross members in those other countries may have a share in the fun, too, for sometimes the boxes are distributed to Junior groups overseas and they pick out children they think will get the most pleasure from your gifts and pass on the little boxes to them.

Hundreds of "Thank You" letters show that your friendliness is appreciated. This one from the Asari Sanitorium in Latvia was printed in the Latvian Junior Magazine:

"The beautiful Christmas time which we awaited with such an impatience reminded us again of you. A long time before we began to count the days still remaining before Christmas. At last the time came. We were informed that the Christmas Tree would be lighted. I have no words to express the great joy we all felt. We talked about nothing except the Christmas Tree.

"The nearer the night approached, the more excited we became. Then came the second happy moment: we were all brought downstairs to a hall much bigger than our dormitory. There were many other patients, big and little ones, but all looked bright and full of joy. The big Christmas Tree in the middle of the room filled us with respect and joy. We sang several carols and some of us recited.

"Then came the 'American Uncle' as Santa Claus. We thought this moment the most beautiful. The big bag became smaller, but our joy grew. There were all kinds of toys; boats, balls and many other things in the American Christmas cartons. When the presents were distributed, our joy expressed itself in the greatest possible noise; whistling, shouting, cracking of different machine-toys and happy cries."

And this letter is from the Primary School at Trnkovo in Bulgaria:

"How can we express our thanks for your Christmas gifts! Our gratitude is as great as the joy you gave us. You may wonder and say, But don't your parents give you gifts for Christmas or Easter? No! They work so hard, they do not know such joys and can not give them to us. How we love you. We are like that little bird which God made very simple. She was sad but not for long. It became Redbreast from the drop of blood of the Christ. And so we Red Crossers should take out the thorns of suffering and evil around us. We hope we may succeed."

No doubt you feel sometimes as if you work over those little boxes and do the very best you can to have them nice and then just send them out into space and never hear anything more from them. You may wonder if they ever get to those children overseas, anyhow, and whether they are truly enjoyed. Well, don't worry about that. They do get to children to whom they will bring the most pleasure and they are really and truly enjoyed, just as these and dozens of other "Thank You" letters testify.



These Juniors of Waco, Texas, (above) are filling the Christmas cartons which, with thousands of others filled by Juniors all over this country, are sent out in October in order to reach children abroad by Christmas. In Hibbing, Minnesota, the Junior High School pupils (left) are responsible for assembling and crating the boxes that have been filled in the home classrooms. They do the crating in their manual training shop.



These Bulgarian Juniors in Sofia (right) look very happy over their gifts from America. Your boxes will be more than ever welcome in Bulgaria this year because the great earthquakes last spring made so many people homeless and caused intense suffering.



In Riga, Latvia, some of the American boxes go each year to the children in the Municipal Orphanage, who eagerly look forward to the visit of Santa Claus, or the "American Uncle," as they call him. Others of your boxes go to Latvian Juniors who pass the presents on to poor children who might not otherwise have any Christmas.

Pack Your Christmas Boxes Early



A Scout at A. V. S.

Life at A. V. S.

WHEN the Albanian Vocational School opens this fall for its eighth session, it will, as usual, be full to overflowing, and many a boy in Albania will be disappointed at not getting in. In July, Miss Elena Trayan, who is an Albanian, a Red Cross nurse and the house mother of the School, was in Washington and told us all about how the boys were getting along.

She said there was room for only 200 boarders but that more than twice that number want to come. They beg and beg Mr. Fultz, the Director, to take them. They say they are willing to work all the time and have no holidays, if only he will take them. Of course, he hates to turn so many away, but as it is six of the boys have to sleep on mattresses in the corridor of the dormitory at night and roll up their beds and tuck them away during the day.

Care of the Dormitories

Before they can enter, the boys must have finished their elementary school courses, so that most of them are at least fourteen years old. A great deal of the management of student affairs is in the hands of the Student Congress and the boys do much of the work of the School. Hajdar and Fanni, two members of the class of 1928, tell in *Laboremus*, the School paper which the boys get up and print themselves, about the care of the dormitories:

"To keep the buildings clean and the boys in health the Student Congress has passed certain rules. These are executed by the housemaster of each dormitory. All students must be in bed at half past nine, except those on special duties by permit from the Director. At this time an instructor inspects

the dormitories and switches off the lights. No one then is allowed to speak until the rising bell in the morning. As soon as the rising bell rings everybody gets up and in ten minutes is ready for exercise. After exercise the boys go to their dormitories. They put their boxes on their beds, to make it easier for the sweeping. The students take turns in sweeping their dormitory when the others are at breakfast. First they open the windows and then dampen the floor. When the boys leave the dining room each makes his own bed and occasionally the bed of another who is on special duty. Before classes begin all, like busy housemaids, put books and clothes in order, getting ready for the morning inspection. Lying on the bed during the day is prohibited. In case one is ill he reports without delay to the School nurse. No one can enter a dormitory other than his own. Daily inspection is likely to fall at any time."

The Troubles of a Laundry Boy

Muharem Pirdeni of the class of 1930 tells about his duties as a housemaster:

"Every housemaster takes charge of one School activity, such as the dining room, the laundry room, the classrooms or the lost-and-found department. He is given his job by the Council of the Housemasters. At the beginning of the past school year I was assigned to the laundry room. I took charge of the bedding and all the clothing of the boys. Every Wednesday I issued clean sheets to the boys and collected the unwashed bed linen and sent it to be washed. I counted the linen before sending and after receiving.

"At the beginning of the School year each student is given his bedding and fills out two cards of what he is issued, one for the laundry room and one for himself. He is responsible for these throughout the year. The laundry boy hands to the office at least two inventories a year. These reports show all the property of the laundry department. At the end of the school year, when most of the boys go for a vacation, the laundry boy puts all the bedding in the store-



"Our horse" and "our cart." The entire cart was made at the School except the iron hubs and axles which were salvaged from an Italian dump heap



In the School shops the boys are trained to work in metal and wood, make parts and repair machinery and electrical equipment

room. He gives a final report for all he deposits.

"The hardest part of this duty is to get along smoothly with the students. Many times because certain students neglect to number their clothing clothes are lost. Strict orders have been issued on this point, but there have always been a few of the careless sort. Sometimes the number washes out. Sometimes the clothes are lost by the laundry women. When this happens they are immediately discharged.

"Imagine one who comes to get his clothing and finds a part gone! The laundry boy has to spend at least a quarter of an hour to cool down the loser's temper. Picture one who sees his shirt for sale because he has not numbered it! One of the rules is that one who does not number his clothing has no right to claim ownership.

"I said that this is a hard job, but I am glad it is. I have now learned to carry responsibility, to keep my temper and to try my best to complete my job well."

Before the Court of Honor

The whole School is proud of the Boy Scout troop, organized a few months ago. Some of the boys did not have the money for their uniforms, so they would come to the Director's office and say: "Mr. Fultz, I need very badly a uniform, but I have no money. Will you assign me to work on Fridays and Saturdays and Sundays and holidays, so that I can get one?" And Mr. Fultz gave every applicant a chance to earn extra money in some way. The discipline of the troop is evidently quite strict. Mirush Permeti gives this story of why he appeared before the

Court of Honor and what happened to him:

"I drink a half kilo of milk every day in the school kitchen. One day while drinking I saw that corn bread was being prepared for lunch. I dislike corn bread, so I stuck a piece of wheat bread in my pocket to eat for lunch. When lunch time came and everybody was eating corn bread I was the only one eating wheat bread. One of the patrol leaders saw me and reported. I was called before the next sitting of the court. I was accused of entering the kitchen without permission of the office and also of eating wheat bread when I should have eaten corn bread. I proved to the court that I had permission to enter the kitchen, so the first accusation fell; but I was found guilty for taking wheat bread and eating it during lunch when the whole school was eating corn bread.

"The judge told me to leave the room for a moment. I felt very ashamed, for I was an assistant patrol leader. Instantly the eighth law came in my mind. This says that a Scout must smile and whistle under all difficulties, so I raised my head and made up my mind to do my best from then on and never to be unscoutlike again.

"Ten minutes later I was called in. The court had decided that I was to stay out of membership for one week, during which no Scout was permitted to talk to me."

Work at the Ice Plant

There are in all Albania only two or three ice plants and one of these is that at A. V. S. It is kept busy in the hot Albanian summer, when it is manned by volunteer students. Nearly all the boys work for a part of the three months' vacation. Zenel Sopoti tells about his vacation job at the plant:

"At the end of each year, the Director of our School gives to each boy an application paper for summer service. The boy is expected to fill in the time he can serve and the kind of work he prefers. Soon after the handing of the application the list of those to stay or those to come later for service is posted. This year, as for other years, there were many boys who volunteered to stay. The Director chose those that were needed. I was one of them. Three days we were each given a program. I was a water carrier for the ice plant. The job is not book knowledge, but practical, and, therefore, it is easy for me to talk



Thoroughbred cows, sheep and pigs are being bred on the School farm

about it. However, it was difficult to do.

"Two boys were on this job, both young. We pumped the water from a well in a neighboring yard about 200 feet from our shops, and each carried two tins at a load. We filled the ice buckets whenever they were empty. There are 40 ice buckets, each containing 27 pounds of water. Besides, we kept three barrels filled for a reserve in case of water shortage.

"This was our work, from 7:30 to 11:30 in the morning, and from 2:30 to 6:30 in the afternoon. At the end of the day we were tired. We live in Tirana and sleep in our homes. When we had gone home we changed our wet clothes, dined, and then went quickly to bed to rest and save energy for the next day."

A Ticklish Job

More and more, jobs that used to be sent out of Albania or that required outside workers are coming to the boys of the School. When there is need for benches in a new school or seats in the Albanian Parliament house or repairs in the President's home, A. V. S. is called upon. The students there have even been given the job of building the new legation where our Minister to Albania will live. This will be one of the finest houses in the country. Nazmi Kpuska, who will graduate next June, gives this story of one of these undertakings:

"Our latest outside job was the transportation of two boilers, each weighing 4 tons, from Durres to Elbasan, a distance of 85 kilometers. These boilers lay in Durres for three months because of the lack of trucks strong enough to bear the weight of a boiler and, besides, there are four unbridged streams to be crossed. The job was offered but none of the transport men cared to undertake it, so finally the owners were referred to our School.

"For six weeks the machine shop boys were engaged in repairing old wagons left here and there along the roads by the Austrian troops in their retreat during the World War. When this was done six boys under the charge of our Heat Engineer and Practical Mechanics teacher left for Durres. There, by means of a differential pulley supported on a three-pole derrick, we lifted them



In summer the flocks are driven to pasture up on Mt. Dayti which is a four hours' horseback ride and a stiff climb from Tirana. A cabin has been built up there for the boys who watch the herds

onto the wagons. The Fordson was hitched on and started off at a snail's pace, paying no heed at all to the crowd who were skeptical as to whether or not it was able to put through its end of the undertaking. Often the wheels of the wagons sank where the roads had recently been filled. In such cases we lifted them by screwjacks and put hardwood planks underneath. The hardest task was crossing the rivers that were not bridged. Both banks of each were steep. We negotiated these four parts of the way by means of a winch and planks. Here no power could be supplied save that of arm. No extra help was hired for the first three crossings; for the last one, two men were hired. We were twelve days on the road. More than a third of the time a downpour of rain added joy to the task.

"Our School got forty napoleons and a vast amount of reputation for putting through this ticklish job."

All these stories have been taken from *Laboremus*, a name that reflects the spirit of the School for it is Latin for "Let us work." Moreover, they are exactly as written by these boys who knew not a word of English when they entered the School.

There is no end to the interesting things those boys do and there seems to be no end to the good times they have doing them. But what we have given you here is certainly enough to make you feel proud that it was money from your National Children's Fund which started the School in 1921 and that, though the Albanian government now pays part of its expense and the School is more and more nearly taking care of itself through tuitions and the services and products it sells, you are still contributing enough for about half its support.



The Elementary School Junior Red Cross Council of Evansville, Indiana, is made up of a representative from the county schools, one from the public schools, two from the parochial schools, and Miss Wilson, the Junior Red Cross Chairman

MORE and more, American Juniors are managing their affairs with the help of a council. Sometimes in a single classroom this is only a committee, which helps the officers plan and carry out the year's activities, or the officers themselves may be the committee, with all the class helping him. But to get ideas from other classes, and to do more by combining their work and their money, the Juniors of several grades or of a whole school often organize a council by electing representatives from each class.

These representatives discuss at the council meeting what all the Juniors would like to do jointly. They report on what their own grade has done and hear what the others are doing. Then they tell their home rooms what plans about general activities, like Christmas boxes and Thanksgiving cards, or health programs, or international correspondence, were decided upon, and what ideas they have heard for separate classroom undertakings.

The Central School, of Morgantown, West Virginia, has a council like this. You will notice in the story the 4A Grade sent in that some of their fall activities were shared by all alike, while in others, such as their hospital services, each class had its own special part:

"We organized in September. Each room elected a president, vice-president, secretary and council member.

How About A Junior Council?

The council members from each room elected their president. . . .

"The first thing on our program was to have 'Bundle Day.' We brought clean and mended clothing to school. This was distributed among the poor children of Morgantown.

"Before Thanksgiving we brought canned goods and vegetables to fill baskets which some of the members took to poor people.

"The 1B grade in our building made basket favors for the sick people in the County Hospital. On Thanksgiving Day the little baskets were filled with nuts and put on the trays.

"At the beginning of the school year the 3B and 3A grades wrote stories of their summer vacation. In the art class they illustrated the stories. The stories and pictures were made into a booklet and sent to South Africa. They also dressed dolls and sent them to China and Japan. The children earned the money to buy dolls. They ran errands, sold papers and helped at home. When the dolls were dressed they looked like our own boys and girls. . . .

"Before Christmas the 4B grade made wooden toys in school and mended their old ones at home. The toys were sent to the children in the hospital and the County Detention Home.

"The 4A and 5B grades studied about West Virginia. They wrote stories about our state and brought pictures of interesting places. These were made into a portfolio and sent to Washington. The Red Cross sent it to Japan.

"We have been trying hard all year to live up to the Red Cross motto 'I Serve.'"

Sometimes Juniors from a whole city, or a city and county, have met and planned together. One of these big councils is the Elementary School Council of Evansville, Indiana. Last year twenty-two schools each sent the president of its school council, and the smaller schools which did not have councils sent representatives, to an all-city meeting the first Thursday in every month. Be-



The Junior Red Cross Council of the Grammar School in Chula Vista, California

sides, any Junior of any of the schools, whether an officer or not, is welcome to these meetings and usually a great many come. The member schools did some fine work for nearby children's hospitals and orphans' homes.

There are busy city councils in Atlanta, Georgia; Bridgeport, Connecticut; Utica, New York, and Norfolk, Virginia, as you may remember from last year's NEWS. East Chicago, Indiana, organized one last year, and Fort Wayne and La-Porte of the same state started big city-county councils with interesting meetings. Syracuse and Onondaga County schools, in New York, have met together for several years. Down in St. Lan-

dry Parish, Louisiana, all the Juniors have organized a Parish Council, with a fine program of Health, Service and Friendship activities.

The twenty-four members of the Berkeley, California, Council meet once a month. They decide how many Guam Christmas boxes each school will fill and what other activities they will take up. Last March the secretary of the Council wrote Mr. Wilson, your National Director, how they had discussed Easter gifts for different places, and how interesting the reports from the various schools had been. "It is a wonderful thing," she said, "to be able to help others in the many ways that the boys and girls find."

Other Junior Doings

ABOUT 750 schools of the United States are proud to have Ten Year Certificates for an unbroken history as Juniors since 1918.

IN PASO ROBLES Chapter, in one of the most picturesque of California's counties, the Juniors have "belonged" ten years. Back in war days they adopted a French war orphan as long as he needed help. Every year they have refilled the First Aid kits of 22 schools. They also help pay traveling expenses for a dental hygienist who goes to the rural schools, and share in sending the Christmas boxes to Guam.

EIGHT thank-you letters came to Juniors of Louisville, Kentucky, for Christmas boxes sent to Chaux de Fonds, Switzerland. A letter from the Swiss Red Cross tells how more Louisville boxes were given out in Geneva schools and how pleased the children were with the nice new things, some useful, like soap and toothpaste or handkerchiefs, and some for school or play, like crayons, notebooks, dolls and balls. Louisville schools filled 500 boxes last Christmas.

SOME of the Christmas boxes sent to Haiti went to children in hospitals. Letters have come from the towns of Hinche and Gonaives, saying that the little patients, who rarely get presents, were delighted. Many can neither read nor write, but looked and spoke their thanks. One of the let-



Last September the children of Hildreth School, Marlboro, Mass., held a vegetable sale to raise money for their Junior Red Cross Service Fund

ters mentions specially the gifts and letters of the Seventh Grade of the Fairview School of Cincinnati, Ohio.

LOOKING back in a little history published in their paper, *School Echoes*, P. S. No. 188, one of the 246 ten year schools of Greater New York, tells how the Juniors knitted sweaters and scarfs

during the war, made a Red Cross flag for an ambulance in France and gave \$5 toward rebuilding a French school at Verdun. This school sent the first book to the Liévin Library in France and the first also for the Orthopedic Hospital. Its Juniors sent aid for sufferers in the Japanese earthquake, the Florida disaster and the Mississippi flood. They have corre-



Boys at the Vamori Day School for Indians, in Sells, Arizona, after putting up several bird houses, made this bird bath in their school yard



Japan has Junior Councils, too. In a portfolio from the Tsutsujigaoka School was this picture of "the managing staff of our Junior Red Cross"

sponded with several schools in England and with children living in a lighthouse off the Pacific coast. They have been very busy in sewing work for children's hospitals, making candy and gifts for veterans and many other activities.

THE Latvian Juniors are strong in health activities. Forty-two circles play the health game and in some places all the children of the neighborhood join in. Then the school physicians give lectures and courses on school and home hygiene, care of the teeth and first aid. Sixty-six circles serve hot school breakfasts, seventeen paying for them with their own money. Several circles have bought medicine chests. Many circles care for sick comrades, and some grow herbs for medical uses. Others see about proper wash basins and drinking cups and elect officers to look out for cleanliness and ventilation in the schoolroom.

WRITING from a public school in Kamarovcia, Ljubljana (Carniola), some Yugoslavian Juniors said to the Berlin School No. 1, Bowden, North Dakota:

"There are few of us, but to work, many. We have tried to make our school and our surroundings nice and healthy and most of all we tried to raise our love for fellow-creatures, for animals and plants. At the beginning of the year, under leading of our teacher, we got enrolled, chose the committee and made ourselves a desk in order to have a place to keep our pa-

pers and books. At this desk our secretary and cashier worked. We have made also a drug-box and our teacher bought drugs. He taught us how to use them in case of need. And really we did not only help our schoolmates with their injuries and pains, but also many grown-up people came to us, when they saw that we are willing to help."

OUT at Sells, Arizona, Juniors of the Vamori Indian School brought eggs and sold them to their teacher to earn their News subscriptions. The San Miguel Presbyterian Mission School Juniors nearby

earned theirs by carrying away the bricks from two chimneys that had been torn down at the school, and the girls weeded the flower beds. The Tohatchi Indian School Juniors in New Mexico raise money by selling paper plates decorated in bright Navajo designs.

In the village of Shaktoolik, Alaska, all the children last year brought dried fish. Twenty-nine pounds were sold, bringing in \$2.90, which left enough over to start a Service-Fund.

A little mountain school at La Panza, California, sold acorns which the children gathered.

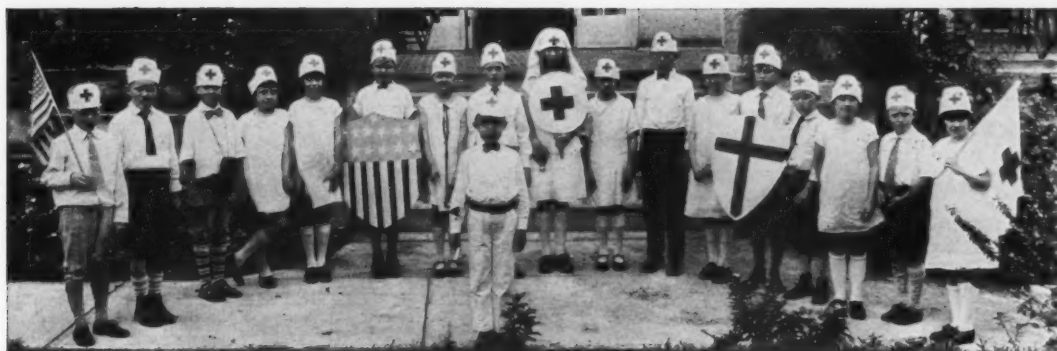
THE Junior Red Cross clubs of the Union School at Utica, New York, raise money for their Service Fund by collecting dues twice a year. Then they divide the Fund into three parts—so much for the magazines, so much for home service activities and then a gift to the National Children's Fund, like the \$5 they sent last spring as an Easter gift.



Last May, the Abraham Lincoln School in Boston celebrated the Tenth Birthday of its Junior Red Cross organization with a Pageant of the Nations. This was one group in the pageant

JUNIORS of the Washington School, Caldwell, Idaho, have little banks into which they drop "sacrifice" money.

NOT all the Junior Lifesavers are in the United States. In Siam one day a six-year-old boy in Khon Kaen province was playing in the shallow water along the bank of a pond. After a while he strayed into deeper water where the current was so



Members of the fourth grade "J. R. C." orchestra of the Shore Acres School in Lakeland, Florida—Roy Lamph, conductor

strong that he lost his footing. He couldn't swim and his playmates couldn't reach him. Just then Bhan Nabub, a farmer's son, who was twelve and a Junior, came by. He jumped in and tried to help the boy to the bank. But the current was too strong even for him, so he shouted to the other children to call for more help, while he kept the boy's head above water.

At that moment along came Lun Kenko, a thirteen-year-old Junior of the same unit, who had been tending his father's buffaloes. He jumped in and the two managed to bring the little boy out. Then they gave first aid until they brought him to.

When fourteen-year-old Dee Sikongmuang, a Junior of Sadiang, saw a little girl fall into the canal, he knew the water was deep and the current strong, but he jumped in at once and brought her to the bank, where he gave her first aid until she came to herself.

His Royal Highness, the Vice-President of the Siamese Red Cross, wrote letters to the boys' parents, praising their courage and training.

TO CELEBRATE the Tenth Anniversary of the Junior Red Cross, Syracuse Juniors had rallies and pageants. At Roosevelt Junior High the manual training instructor designed a huge artificial birthday cake with ten electric lights.

A real cake with ten red candles was made by the girls of the Continuation School and presented to Mr. Wilson, your National Director, at the banquet given in his honor when he visited Syracuse. An American Red Cross flag was presented to the Minoa School for having the longest Junior membership in the chapter. This school has had a 100 per cent membership since 1918, but one year school officials failed to send in the records that would have given it a certificate.

SEVEN states in the Pacific Area—all but New Mexico—representing 60 chapters, filled 3,877 Christmas boxes, of which 3,454 were sent to Guam. Arizona filled 70, California more than 2,900, Idaho 188, Nevada 103, Oregon 133, Utah

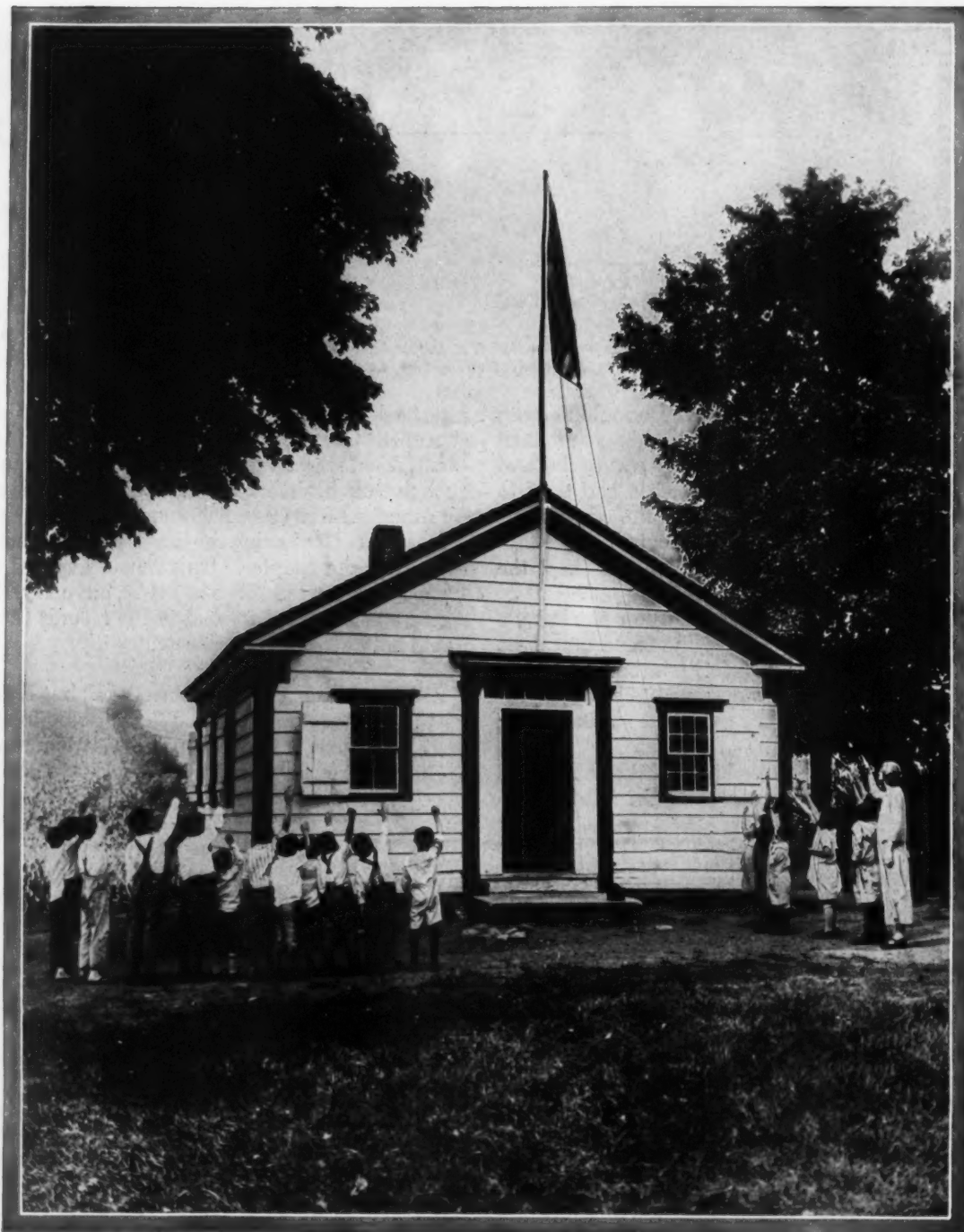
157, and Washington 264. Schools of every kind, one-room buildings far in the desert or mountains, big many-roomed schools in the coast cities and every kind between, had a share in sending them. Junior volunteers helped pack them up in the San Francisco office. When all was ready a radio message was sent to Guam giving the number of boxes shipped and wishing everyone a merry Christmas.

IN THE Philippines a pupil becomes a Junior either by paying 30 centavos, which he is supposed to earn himself, or by doing some service for his school or village.

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THIS country gave me, as it gives every boy and girl, a chance. It gave me schooling, independence of action, opportunity for service and honor. In no other land could a boy from a country village, without inheritance or influential friends, look forward with unbounded hope. My whole life has taught me what America means. I am indebted to my country beyond any human power to repay.—Herbert Hoover

